

THE ARTEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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VOL. I.

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NO. 23.

EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

In the town of Hampton, in Middlesex, Eng. a spot celebrated on account of the stately palace erected there by the magnificent Cardinal Woolsey, was kept, some years since, a young ladies' boarding school. A Miss Courtenay, the only child of immensely wealthy parents in the county of Hampshire, was one of the scholars. To prevent her suffering through life, from the morbid cowardice to which, from nature and education, the softer sex are much prone, her parents and teachers had taken unwearied pains not only to brace her mind against the terrors of imagination, but of those terrifying realities that flesh is heir to. They succeeded, effectually, little dreaming, poor little weak sighted mortals as we are, that this very acquirement would one day prove fatal to her.

Matilda Courtenay was about sixteen, amiable, accomplished, and as lovely in her person as the fabled Hourii. Her disposition was gay as that of the lark, all buoyancy and life. It was not long ere the young ladies in the school discovered this trait of fearlessness in her character, for Matilda had been so praised by her doating parents for its possession, that she lost no opportunity of displaying it on every possible occasion. Many were the tricks resorted to by her companions with the idea of frightening her, such as starting upon her from a place of concealment: making figures with vile physiognomies painted on them, and placing them upon her bed—perhaps a mischievous one concealed beneath the bedstead would seize her foot as she was stepping into it. At other times, Dolly, the maid, would be hired to get upon the roof, and throw brick-bats down the chimney. But all was in vain—her listening tormentors heard no sound save that of a chuckle or a burst of joyous laughter. Almost wearied with the continued failure of their experiments, they at length hit upon an expedient to frighten the innocent girl by a *coup de main*. Miss Courtenay had been to visit her parents, but was expected at Hampton that night. A student of medicine, in the neighborhood, was prevailed upon to bring secretly in the evening a skeleton to the school. The hope at length of frightening Miss Courtenay weakened their own fears in handling this otherwise appalling subject. They fastened it with the tester within the curtains at the foot of the bed, so as to conceal it effectually from her observation: but with the conviction that the moment the bed should be shaken, by her getting into it, the figure would fall upon her. Matilda did not reach Hampton till bed time, but in more than usually gay spirits retired to her apartment, saying to her loved, but mischievous companions, "good night dear girls, good night; I have got back, and to-morrow we shall have a fine game at romps—good night;" and with a bound was out of sight.—There was a cause, nay two of them, for Matilda's heightened spirits. Henry Melmoth, the companion of her childhood, and her *beau ideal* of all that was perfect in mankind, had brought her down in his curriole and four, and had whispered something agreeable in her ear, and *more*, had "looked unutterable

things." Besides, Matilda was by nature benevolent, and her parents, aware that she would make no ill use of it, had given her a plentiful supply of pocket money—and she might build castles in the moon, think of Henry undisturbed, and in her mind's eye dispose of her wealth on the morrow. With this sweetest and most delightful feeling of humanity, the desire of performing kind actions, Matilda, after praying as fervently as a girl of sixteen could be expected to pray, jumped into the bed, where we will leave her for the night.

Early on the following morning, those who had been particularly busy in this cruel affair were astir to see its effects, and repaired in a body to Miss Courtenay's apartment, with the expectation of hearing the joyous burst of merriment, but imagine their surprise and horror on finding the sweet girl doubtless in the very position she had laid down, with her eyes fixed and rolled up in their sockets; the white froth foaming from her pale mouth, her nostrils fearfully distended, and showing every appearance of approaching dissolution.—The forefinger and thumb of her right hand held a shred of fibre which adhered to the skeleton, whose fleshless arm had fallen across her, and its eyeless skull rested on the same pillow with that of the blooming girl. Medical assistance was called, but alas! too late, her extremities were cold. The physicians pronounced that she had fallen into repeated convulsions from affright, and there was no remedy. In a few moments "life ebbed pulse by pulse away," and the angel spirit of the lovely, but ill-fated Matilda, fled forever!

"Lay her in the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!"

LONDON LITERARY REPORT FOR JANUARY.

"The History of George Godfrey" will supply a link in the series of the recently published novels of society. There is one class which has never been exposed to the lash of the satirical novelist, but which ought to be so—we mean joint-stock company makers, stock-jobbers, merchants, bankers, and the whole "world east of Temple Bar." The Author of "George Godfrey" is said to be a person, who besides great talents for writing, has had opportunities of observation, and means of knowing, *au fond*, the persons and practices he unveils; and it is understood, that some portraits introduced will be recognized at once as likenesses equally spirited and faithful.

"The Confessions of an Old Maid," just announced, are described as being even more amusing than its pendant, "The Confessions of an Old Bachelor," which were so successful last season.

The new edition of "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage" is just ready for publication; it is expected to be found the most accurate, comprehensive, and concise work which has hitherto appeared upon the subject, an unprecedented mass of information having been obtained from the highest sources. The lineage of almost every house is deduced from the earliest era, and the genealogical details are

interspersed with many interesting anecdotes of the various families. The Baronets of Scotland and Ireland, with their armorial bearings, &c. form a feature in the new work, not to be found in any other published since 1810. And an Introductory Essay upon the origin of titles of honor in England, with engravings of the various orders of nobility and knighthood, will augment the interest.

The Author of "The Chronicles of London Bridge" has in the press "Tales of an Antiquary;" a work reported to be written upon a very original and amusing plan.

Mr. Crane, whose "Letters from the East" excited so much attention, has a work in the press, under the title of "Tales of the West," illustrative of the manners and customs of the population of the Western Counties of England of all classes, and interspersed with sketches of character and incidents founded upon actual facts.

A Romance, entitled, "Salathiel," said to be founded on a striking superstition of the early age of Christianity, and to be singularly brilliant and original, is about to appear.

"The Clubs of London" will be published about the beginning of January. It is said that this work will comprise anecdotes, recollections, and sketches of almost all the eminent persons belonging to these establishments, not only in our own days, but in those of the last generation; for the work is stated to be composed by an Octogenarian.

"Tales of Passion," by the eloquent author of "Gilbert Earle," are announced.

DEATH OF MISS H. MARIA WILLIAMS.

We consecrate a few lines to the memory of a woman of letters, whose name is dear to the friends of public liberty. Madame Helen Maria Williams, the author of a number of political works and very remarkable English poems, has just died at Paris after a long illness.—This lady left England for France, solely to be near the imposing events of the revolution. Ever since 1790 she has constantly resided at Paris—she was united in the most intimate friendship with the most faithful and disinterested patriots—she was the friend of Madame Roland, and the Girondists. From this period she has detailed the different occurrences of our revolution in a series of works published in London, and which had a great influence over the opinions of England and the United States, upon the deeds of the French revolution. To these literary qualities, this lady added the qualities of a soul the most enlightened and most tender—she was always the patroness of the poor, and very of ten in the class of the unfortunate men of letters, her benefactions were bestowed upon independent merit, which shrunk from soliciting them. Very lately Madame Williams published her last work—*Recollections of the Revolution*—the analysis of which was suppressed by the Censorship. The last wishes of this lady were expressed in favour of those brave men who vanquished barbarism at Narvarin.—*Paris Constitutionnel*.

DEVOTION.—The mind that hath any cast towards devotion, naturally flies to it in affliction.—*Spectator*.

TALES OF THE QUIZZ FAMILY.

MISS SALLY ST. JOHN & HER LITTLE FINGER.

In one of the frontier towns of Massachusetts there lived a few years since, a young woman by the name of Sally St. John. Her parents both died when she was young and left her with a meadow, wood-lot and pasture worth about a thousand dollars.

When Sally came to be about eighteen years of age, she made up her mind to marry, at the same time taking care to manifest the same, by declaring on all suitable and unsuitable occasions, that she was resolved to live a single life. There are few women who do not for at least six months in their life-time enjoy the advantage of being thought pretty by some one. But Sally's case was a hard one. In vain did she labor at the toilet and in vain did she buy corsets, combs, and cosmetics, to develop if possible, something in the face or figure, upon which she might rest some claims to beauty. But it was a hopeless endeavor; even the creative eye of self flattery could make nothing else of her than an awkward, lean, crooked, unlovely spinster.

Miss Sally now arrived at the age of twenty; she had tried the strength of personal attractions in vain. Several bachelors and two or three widowers had hovered about her, but not one of them had ventured to alight. She considered her case again and again, she put it in all sorts of lights; and at length she came to a conclusion. "I have been pulling," said she, "at the wrong string. I must give up the idea of carrying the point by force of personal attraction, and place my dependence upon the farm. As the world goes, there is more merit in sixteen acres of meadow, four and twenty acres of timber and thirteen acres of sheep pasture, than in all the charms sung by Solomon."

But years passed, and according to actual calculation Miss St. John had reached the age of thirty. But human life is not to be measured by the almanac; so our heroine passed for two and twenty. The farm was indeed sold, and the money nearly expended, but Sally remained the same. "Times alter," saith the proverb, "and we change with them;" but our heroine withstood proverbs as well as time. She was still the declared enemy of marriage, but an inward seeker after a husband.

Her designs and wishes continued the same, but her schemes for prosecuting them were changed, with her change of circumstances. The farm was gone, but woman is fertile in inventions and skilful in turning trifles to account. Miss Sally St. John at length discovered that she was not destitute of one point of beauty. Her little finger was round, tapering, white, soft and terminated by a nail bearing a beautiful pink tinge. I do not know how the discovery came about, but Sally had learnt that beautiful fingers were very much esteemed in the world, and in her sanguine imagination, did not despair of making the charm extend to the whole person. The little leaven that leavened the whole lump was a text in point, and Sally, like many others, did not doubt any thing, if there was scripture for it. So she bought rings for her little finger, washed it with cream of amber, and waited with longing and languishing anxiety, till the nail should grow to that length which the laws of beauty prescribe.

Gentle reader, let not thy lip curl in scorn! It is a gambling world, and Miss Sally St. John is not the first individual who has entered into business with a small capital. We have seen Merchants, Lawyers, and grave Preachers tread the stage of life, with pretensions based upon no better grounds than

hers; and we have seen maidens put the best foot first with a presuming confidence when the said foot was not a whit better than Sally's little finger. Look at home, ye scorners, and see if there is not a more just proportion between a fair finger and a husband, than between your demands and your deserts.

The campaign now opened, and the effect of the little finger was to be tried, but years rolled away and Miss Sally St. John at the age of forty-eight, alone and single, confessed herself five and thirty. Her minister, a presbyterian, spoke to her of futurity; "It is," said he, "a world of sorrow; riches take to themselves wings and fly away; friends fail; pleasures cease, and our dearest possessions are withdrawn." Sally sat looking at her little finger. It was a little less plump than formerly, but it was still a very handsome finger. The clergyman proceeded; "What is there," said he, "that should attach us to the world?" Sally replied, "this will do for those who are bereft of all earthly comforts, but," said she casting her eye at her finger, "I see no harm in enjoying those blessings that Providence has bestowed." "This is true," said the clergyman "in the abstract; but the heart is deceitful, the blessings of Providence are apt to become idols, and to withdraw the heart from its true allegiance.—It becomes us all to try ourselves and see if there be any wicked way in us; and if we discover that the heart is unduly attached to any earthly treasure, it is our duty to sacrifice it. The stern rule of scripture must be applied, "if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off!"

During the conversation Sally's right hand lay displayed in her lap, with the darling finger adorned with rings of coral, turquoise, pearl, and precious stones. Whether by accident or not we cannot say, but as the clergyman made his last remark his eye descended from the countenance of his fair auditor and rested upon her favorite finger. She thought the clergyman intended to make a literal application of his words to her own right hand. The tears started to her eyes, but she said nothing. The inward struggle was deep. The clergyman departed and Miss Sally St. John, after due reflection, declared that he was a hard master and that she could not see exactly as he did. So she joined herself to the Episcopalians. "Alas," said the clergyman, "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone!"

Thus we have told our story—whether there is meaning or moral in it, we cannot tell. If some keen sighted genius should discover any, he will confer a favor by laying it before the public.

THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree; and which, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, 'Praised be the Lord!' As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sounds last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains and grotto of the rocks repeats the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture itself any thing more sublime; the profound silence that succeeds, the sight of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vaults of heaven seem to rest, every thing seems to excite the mind to enthusiasm. In the mean while, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after return to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Not far distant from our good city, says the Cincinnati Parthenon, there lives a man whose spouse one day got into a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days, (no cavilling, old bachelors, she actually held her tongue all the aforesaid time.) Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most "devoutly wished for," wished to hear again the clapper of that little *belle*, that sometimes made his ears tingle; he had exhausted his vocabulary of honied words, and coaxings; she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that "brought her to her speech again"—she was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents of the drawers on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, linens, and kerchiefs, and without thinking, screamed out, "Mercy! what in the world are you doing!" The husband turned round calmly, "Nothing, only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

Sir John Mason was born in the reign of Henry VII. and was privy-counsellor to Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. He was a man of talents, and displayed great probity in very turbulent times. On his death-bed he called his family together, and thus addressed them;—

"Lo I have lived to see five princes, and have been privy-counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts; and have been present in most state transactions, for thirty years past, at home. After so much experience I have learned that seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance the best physician; and a good conscience the best estate;—and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister; my privy-counsellor's bustle for retirement of a hermit; and my whole life in the palace for an hour's enjoyment of God in my closet. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers."

WEATHER MARKET.—We can heartily sympathise with the reporter of the following lamentations.

The Saturday Morning Herald gives the following review of the weather market. It is as well to laugh as to cry under the infliction of wet feet, coughs and sore throats.

Umbrellas.—Raised considerably since our last.

Wet Boots.—Heavy and hard to get off.

Spirits.—Dull.

Mud.—Plenty and brisk—large lots taken up by travellers—City holders part with the article freely at a small advance.

Cloaks and great Coats.—Much sought after—kept close by holders.

Coughs and Colds.—Abundant—some few cases have been got off by the physicians.

Rain.—Falling continually—dealers very cautious of entering into it.

A CANONICAL PUN.—A Canon of Exeter Cathedral died a few weeks since; a gentleman, crossing the cathedral-yard in that city, accidentally met a friend, to whom he said—"So, Canon H. is dead!" "Indeed!" replied the other, "I was not aware that *cannons* went off in that way." "Yes, they do," rejoined the first, "for I have just heard the *report*!"

COMPARISONS OF TIME.—To judge rightly of the present, we must oppose it to the past; for all judgment is comparative, and of the future nothing can be known.—*Rasselas*.

EAST INDIES.

DREADFUL RAVAGES BY TIGERS.

From a narrative given in the East India Government Gazette, of a tiger excursion at Doongul, we extract the following relation of the horrible ravages by these animals—

"There were five tigers killed by the party, besides a bear killed, and one wounded—a wolf, a hyæna, a panther, a leopard, wild hogs killed every day, innumerable hares, partridges, floricans, &c. and some peacocks, wild goats, spotted deer and porcupines, and an immense deal of rock and Colbra Capella snakes.

"Among the occurrences during the excursion at Doongul, some are of a peculiar and pathetic nature. The first was a poor Bunnia, or dealer of the village of Doongul, who had been to the city of Hyderabad to collect some of his money, and was returning after having collected a small sum; and on the way, a little beyond the cantonment of Secunderbad, he saw an armed Peon seated, and apparently a traveller on the same way. After mutual inquiries, the Peon told the Bunnia he was going to the same place; and as the Bunnia was glad that somebody was to accompany him, he gave him part of the victuals he had about him to eat, and on their way, as they mutually related their histories, the Bunnia innocently mentioned the object of his visit to the city, and of his returning with the money he had collected; this immediately raised the avarice of the Peon, who decided in his mind to kill the poor Bunnia at a proper place, and strip him of his money; they were proceeding together with this design in his mind, until they came to a place where the ravages of the tiger were notorious, and he prepared to kill the Bunnia; and while he was struggling with him, and was drawing his sword to slay him, a tiger sprang upon the Peon and carried him off, leaving his shield and sword, which the Bunnia carried with him to Doongul, as trophies of retributive justice in his favor. If such instances of retribution were frequent and regular, it would better deter us from those crimes which are often committed in defiance of every fictitious terror with which our minds are inculcated.

"The next was a Bunjarra and his wife, who were lying together under a tree, when a tiger sprang up and seized the woman by the head. The husband, from mere impulse to save his wife, held her by the legs, and a struggle ensued between the tiger pulling her by the head and the man by the legs, until the issue, which could not be doubted, when the tiger carried off the woman. The man seemed to be rather partial to his wife, and devoted himself to revenge her death, forsook his cattle and property, and resigned them to his brother, and offered his services to be of the tiger-killing party, and strayed about the jungles until he was heard of no more.

"A young handsome woman, who had dressed and ornamented herself for some particular occasion, happening to go a little beyond the precincts of the village, was seized by a tiger; but, being rather stout, and too heavy to be clearly carried off, her limbs were torn off from the waist, and the other part of her body was carried about a mile from the place, through a thick part of the jungle, where it was seen by the party fresh, with the viscera devoured, the sight causing many painful emotions.

"A camel-driver who had been just married, was bringing home his bride, when a tiger followed, and had them in view a great part of the road, for an opportunity to seize one of them; the bride having occasion to alight on the road, was immediately seized and carried off by the tiger.

"A shepherd was taken by a young tiger, and was followed by the mother, a large tigress, and devoured at the distance of two miles; and a Bunnia, or dealer, from Bolarum, was taken, returning from a fair.

"A woman, with an infant about a year old, was taken by a tiger; and the infant was found by a Puttall, or head of the village, who bro't it to his house.

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF GENERAL BAUR.

At the time the Russian troops were in Holstein, says Captain Bruce, General Baur, who commanded the cavalry, and was himself a soldier of fortune, his family or country being a secret to every body, took an opportunity to discover himself, which surprised and pleased those about him. Being encamped near Husum, in Holstein, he invited all his Field-Officers, and some others, to dine with him, and sent his adjutant to bring a miller and his wife, who lived in the neighborhood, to the entertainment. The poor couple came, very much afraid of the Muscovite General, and were quite confused when they appeared before him, which he perceiving, bade them make themselves quite easy, for he only meant to show them kindness, and had sent for them to dine with him that day, and talked with them familiarly about the country: the dinner being set, he placed the miller and his wife next to himself, one on each hand, at the head of the table, and paid great attention to them, inviting them to eat heartily. In the course of the entertainment, he asked the miller a great many questions about his family and his relations; the miller told him, that he was the eldest son of his father, who had been also a miller at the same mill he then possessed;—that he had two brothers, tradesmen; and one sister, married to a tradesman; that his own family consisted of one son and three daughters. The general asked him, if he never had any other brother than those that he had mentioned; he replied, he had once another, but he was dead many years ago, for they had never heard of him since he enlisted, and went with soldiers when he was but very young, and he must certainly have been killed in the wars. The general observing the company much surprised at his behavior to these people, thinking he did it by way of diversion, said to them, 'Gentlemen, you have always been very curious to know who and whence I am; I now inform you that this is the place of my nativity, and you have now heard from this my elder brother, what my family is.'—And then turning towards the miller and his wife, he embraced them affectionately, telling them he was their supposed dead brother; and, to confirm it, he related every thing that had happened in the family before he left it. The general invited them all to dine with him the next day at the miller's, where a plentiful entertainment was provided, and told them that was the house where he was born. General Baur then made a generous provision for all his relations, and sent the miller's only son to Berlin for his education, who turned out an accomplished young man.

MAGNETISM OF THE HUMAN BODY.—Mr. Partington, says the London Mechanics' Journal, who is now lecturing on natural philosophy, at the Russell Institution, noticed in his last lecture on magnetism, a very curious fact, which seems to show that animal magnetism is not entirely a chimerical notion.

While making the necessary arrangements for his lecture, a lady approached the table, and brought her hand nearly in contact with a magnetic needle, and to the surprise of the professor, he observed that the bar was at-

tracted. He hesitated to ascribe this phenomenon so accidentally occurring to his notice, to the power of magnetism, and conceived it to arise either from gravitation, or from a disturbance of electrical equilibrium, but, on requesting the lady to repeat the approach of her hand, found that an attractive or repulsive force was exerted alternately, by presenting either the thumb or finger of the same hand.

Mr. Partington thinks from these circumstances, that the professors of animal magnetism may be entitled to more respect than the experimentalists have hitherto been disposed to concede to them.

THE WINDING UP OF THE DRAMA.—A certain distinguished actor while pronouncing these words in Kotzebue's play of *the Strangers*—"surely there is another and a better world," dropt down on the boards and expired.

An English paper gives an affecting account of the sudden death of Mrs. Windsor, an actress on the Bath Theatre, the circumstances of which are spoken of as one of those awful dispensations of Providence, which must compel the most unthinking to reflect on the frail tenure of human existence. During the last act of the *Farce*, when her appearance had been greeted but a few moments by an admiring audience, having uttered but a few words on her part, she suddenly exclaimed "*I am dying!*" speedily sinking into a chair, she was carried from the gay, the trifling throng of vain amusement and folly, never more to return. A blood vessel had ruptured, and the effusion of blood upon the brain had been so copious, that even partial relief was impossible. She survived two nights and one day, and then expired.

Alas! poor lady; it was bad enough indeed to be playing a farce in the last moments of human life. But it is unspeakably worse, my child, to be found all one's life time *playing a farce*.

"Though long

The wise have urged, that man is yet unborn,
Who duly weighs one hour."

Let us never engage in a conversation, or amusement, or a business in which we would not be very willing to be found when summoned to the bar of the Eternal.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—As all the rivers upon the face of the globe, says the Philadelphia Evening Post, however circuitous they may be in their progress, and however opposite in their course, yet meet at last in the ocean, and there contribute to increase the mass of waters; so all the seemingly discordant events in the life of a good man, are made to preserve upon the whole, an unerring tendency to his good, and to concur and conspire for promoting it at the last.

PLINY'S LETTERS.

Pliny's letters are one of the most celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epistolary way. They are elegant and polite: and exhibit a very pleasing and amiable view of the author. But according to the vulgar phrase, they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine;—and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing only to write for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author who publishes his own letters, to divest himself altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he says; by which means, he becomes much less agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any constraint of this sort, he were writing to his intimate friend.—*Blair*.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 8, 1828.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE ARIEL,
To commence, May 1, 1828.

On the 5th of May, 1827, the first number of the ARIEL was handed to the public. It was commenced with but a limited number of subscribers, and yet, without the editor's being aware that it possessed any peculiar merit, it has increased within one year, to such an extent as to warrant the printing of FOUR THOUSAND COPIES. This large number has all been subscribed for; and many orders are now on hand, requesting the numbers from the beginning, which we are not able to supply. To all such, we shall send the paper from the first number of the second volume.

The very low price at which the ARIEL has been issued, may be considered a principal reason for its great success. The engravings which it has contained may also be assigned as another. Throughout its first year, it has been the editor's desire to maintain its character as respectable as it was at first. The quality of the paper on which it has been printed, is uniform—in this there has been no depreciation. In the matter which it has contained, some deterioration may have been discovered, especially at a certain period, when the editor met with an accident to which even the best of us are liable—namely, that of getting married. No general encouragement has been held out to the mass of idle scribblers, for their productions: the ARIEL, therefore, has not been deluged with a flood of that vapid originality, which, as we stated in our prospectus, we considered the crying sin of most literary publications. The consequence has been, that the editor has had to depend upon his own feeble powers, and a few sensible correspondents, for what original matter has been published. As to the selections, they were the best which the country afforded, and were given because they pleased us, had pleased some, and because we hoped they would please others.

If its cheapness has been any inducement with persons to subscribe, our list for the next volume will much exceed four thousand; for we intend to issue it at a still cheaper rate. We shall continue its form of eight pages every other Saturday. The type, however, will be of smaller size; by which means we shall be enabled to crowd in nearly double the quantity of reading matter which it now contains. *Minion* type (such as this) and *Nonpareil*, (such as the notes to correspondents are set in) will be principally used. Not a solitary advertisement shall haunt our columns; first, because they have no business there, and second, because they never fail to draw down inverted blessings from every reader, who considers his rights infringed by the introduction of them. In place of giving engravings occasionally, as heretofore, they will appear regularly, in every third number—thus giving eight quarto plates annually. Additional efforts will be made, to render the work more interesting to its readers, by the publication of smart things from the best foreign journals, and such pithy items as have been found arranged under the various heads of "Things in General," "Olio," "Humorous," &c.

As the additions thus to be made will necessarily put the editor to much extra expense, the price for the future, will be one dollar and fifty cents per year. It will then—when its small type, fine paper, and its splendid engravings are considered, be the cheapest publication of any kind in the United States. In England, such a paper could not be procured for less than six dollars a year.

An edition of more than four thousand copies, will be printed from the beginning, in order to supply those who may subscribe after the first of May. The first number of volume 2, will be issued on the 3d of May.

It is particularly desired by the editor that those subscribers who may not wish to continue at one dollar and fifty cents will immediately inform us of their wish to decline. When but one paper goes to a post office

where there is no agent, we suggest to such subscribers the propriety of procuring a friend to take another copy, so that a three dollar note can be remitted in payment for both. The price will continue uniformly one dollar and fifty cents, and will not again be increased.

To the many gentlemen, post masters, and others, who have volunteered their services in procuring us subscribers, we tender our sincere thanks. To our editorial brethren, who have honored our little ARIEL with a favorable notice, we feel much indebted. Many of them have increased the favor by continuing to exchange with us.

Any gentleman who will procure seven subscribers to the second volume, and remit us ten dollars, shall receive the eighth copy for his trouble.

It is desirable that our agents in the several places where they reside, should forward us the subscription for the second volume by the first of May. To those who have already procured six subscribers to the first volume, the work will continue to be sent gratis.

One principal reason for continuing the Ariel semi-monthly is, that more time is allowed to collect and prepare matter. The hurry which frequently attends the selection of matter for a weekly paper, operates against the readers. And again, the postage will be one half.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—We have seen various notices of this work, which has been built upon the ruins of the Boston Spectator. The editor of the Spectator was good enough to exchange with us—but when it passed into new hands—the hands of a lady, we were unceremoniously struck off their exchange list. A little courtesy in such cases, is all we contend for—if a wish to decline had been expressed, we should say nothing—but as it is, we must say it was rather ungentle.

We take the following strange article from a southern paper. Altogether, it is the rarest medley of singularities we have ever seen.

SINGULARITIES.—A gentleman who was recently on a surveying excursion in Appling county, Georgia, informs us he met with, in that neighborhood, an old man named William Starling, who was a soldier in Braddock's expedition: he had fourteen children by his first wife, and raised nearly all of them. After the death of his first wife he remained single ten years; but finding it a lonesome way of living, about three years since he married a maiden lady aged 45 years, who in a year afterwards became the mother of two fine boys at a birth. A few years since there was also living in the above mentioned county, a man who had married his wife's sister, his brother's wife, his wife's daughter, his brother's daughter, and his niece. This happened by the two brothers marrying two sisters in the first instance, and on the death of the wife of one, and the husband of the other, the survivors married together; after which, the wife dying, the husband married her daughter by his brother, being his niece. Hard by was a lady who had buried six husbands, and not being over sixty years of age, it is supposed was not particularly averse to try a seventh. At one of the houses where they passed the night, the proprietor, about seventy years of age, had a handsome young wife about seventeen years of age, with a beautiful daughter five months old.

UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCES.—The inventor of gunpowder, was a poor monk, who was something of a chemist, and accidentally stumbled upon this important discovery. In the course of his experiments, however, not knowing the vast power which even a small quantity of his newly discovered powder possessed, he collected a large body of it together, and set it on fire. It exploded and killed him on the spot. Thus he perished by his own ingenuity.

It was just so with the inventor of that terrific engine of popular fury, the Guillotine. In order to expedite the execution of criminals, a French artisan invented the Guillotine—by which process, a dozen men might lose their heads by a single fall of the axe. It came to pass, however, that the ingenious inventor was one of the first who fell a victim to the first guillotine which was built in Paris.

An ingenious Mechanic, Mr. Fordyce Ruggless, of Massachusetts, had recently invented a percussion pistol, for which he had secured to himself a patent. The invention was one of the most ingenious efforts of

human skill, second only to Perkins's celebrated steam guns. A fair prospect of wealth arising from his invention, was opening upon him, when his useful career was suddenly terminated by a circumstance that excites feelings of great commiseration. Having been using one of his pistols in the open air, he retired to the house for the purpose of warming himself; and while sitting near the fire, conversing with the landlord, a young man seated himself near him, and unobserved took the weapon, which was loaded, from his pocket, proceeded without examination to snap it, the muzzle being less than two feet from the unfortunate owner. It exploded, and the ball entering his breast, lodged in his body. He lingered about fourteen days, and expired in consequence of the wound; leaving a wife and two children to mourn the loss of an affectionate partner and parent, and depriving the community of a useful and exemplary member.

LITERARY.

Pierce & Williams, No. 20, Market Street, Boston, propose to publish by subscription, a new periodical work, entitled *The Spirit of the Pilgrims*. "It is designed to explain, defend, and promote that system of religion which was planted on this soil by the first settlers of New England, and to cherish all those great and beneficent institutions which they left, as an invaluable legacy to their descendants."

The London papers announce the publication of *Herbert Lucy*, by the author of Granby, and of *Yes and No*, by the author of Matilda.

The "Life of Dr. Parr," by his friend and pupil, the Rev. W. Field, is soon to be published.

Leigh Hunt, the poet, announces "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries." This work, from the pen of Hunt, is said to promise a greater stock of information concerning that wretched nobleman, than any other publication of the kind. His opportunities of knowing Byron were very extensive; and it seems that, like many other of Byron's friends who were intimate with him, he means to publish a book, and by retailing every little anecdote concerning his deceased friend, turn his friendship to some account—to make it serviceable to him, though he be dead! So much for the friendship of this world!

Chateaubriand's Travels in America and Italy, are published in England. They contain an account of the author's interview with General Washington, and his parallel of the American Patriot with the French Emperor—a description of the American Savages, with some classical letters on modern Italy.

Washington Irving's history of the Life of Columbus, in four volumes, is to be shortly published in London and Boston, simultaneously. Irving has been busy on this work for several years. He has had the good fortune to be favored in his researches among musty records, by the miserable Ferdinand. Most likely it is the only good thing that imbecile being ever did—that of favoring the cause of literature so much as to permit our talented countryman to look into the archives of his government. The forthcoming Life of the intrepid discoverer of America, is stated to be as deeply interesting as the various trials through which that great man passed, and the voyages which he performed to new countries, could be supposed to make it. Indeed, if there are any incidents in his life to which a peculiar interest could be attached, Irving is the proper man to increase it, by the witching power of his classic pen.

The Memoirs of General Wolfe, the unfortunate conqueror of Quebec, by Southey, are by this time published in London.

Messrs. Littell of this city have published *Cora*, or the Genius of America—said to be by the author of Letters from the Bahamas; if so, it is unworthy of further notice.

The first number of the *Southern Review* was published at Charleston, S. C. on the first of February. The contents are said to be interesting.

The *Albany Masonic Record* commences its second volume in a new dress, with a beautifully engraved head

on its title page, besides other improvement in type and dress.

In the press, in Philadelphia, Grimshaw's History of France. This gentleman is now engaged in writing a History of South America and the West Indies.

THINGS IN GENERAL

A wag who keeps an oyster cellar in Newark, N. J. advertises, among other things, "wild birds domesticated, and stool pigeons trained to catch voters for the next President—warranted to suit either party."

Hydrophobia.—Mr. Christian Kiel, a robust, healthy man, at Rockhill, Bucks county, Penn. was seized with this terrible disease, and after suffering for nine days the most violent attack of madness, he expired on the 25th of January. It was not known when he was bitten.

Continental Money.—By a report made to Congress, it appears that the Continental Money, the lever of the Revolution, emitted from 1775 to 1780, amounted to \$41,552,780 dollars.

Destitute Churches.—More than two thousand churches are said in the Quarterly Journal, to be destitute of Pastors, in the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist and Methodist denominations in this country.

A shrewd observer once said, "that in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before their doors."

A teamster, who was passing through New Haven, Conn. with a heavy load of grain, was surprised to find smoke issuing from one of his wheels. The axle within one of the hubs had taken fire, probably from friction, and it was found necessary to throw water upon it.

Pope's Threshing Machine.—The Rochester Daily Advertiser states that this machine is now exhibited in the vicinity of that place, and on the authority of Maj. Russ, of Farmington, that driven by two horses, it has threshed 151 bushels of Oats in six hours, and 203 bushels in seven hours; 44 bushels of Wheat in 28 and 40 minutes, and in this proportion day by day—cleaner and better than grain threshed with the flail.

Masked Balls are prohibited at New Orleans, except for a few weeks each year, and then the person who gives such Ball is obliged to procure a license, for which he pays 25 dollars. An Agent of Police attends each Ball, and every visitor is obliged to be unmasked to him, before entering the Ball Room—and he is to turn out all who misbehave.

Revolutionary Officers.—At the close of the Revolutionary War, there were of these worthies, 2480. There number is now less than 250. "This small number is fast falling around us as the leaves in Autumn," and what is done for them by Congress must be done quickly, or it will forever remain undone.

Amusing.—We select the following from the Town and (Pa.) Republican. The lady in question has a predilection for riding, which her condescending mate will not gratify.

Hear ye! Hear ye!—Whereas my wife Polly has left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation, and is in the habit of stage-riding, the roads being bad and dangerous, I hereby forbid all stage, carriage, sleigh or wheel-barrow drivers from transporting her in any direction.
E. SMITH.

The Scots Times, of Nov. 30th, mentions that Mr. Owen's Orbiston Establishment is on the decline. Of 300 inmates which it formerly contained, only about 50 remain, and these have discarded the co-operative system, and returned to the selfish habits pursued by the rest of the world.

A worthy gentleman of the south, has undertaken to mark such chapters in the Bible, as are not to be read aloud.—We wish him better business.

An individual, after committing extensive forgeries in New York, absconded, and in his trunk were found blank lottery tickets which cost 20,000 dollars.

Grand Hunt.—At a recent hunt near Greensburgh, Pa. a circle was formed in the woods, which, upon closing, brought together a large number of foxes, several of which escaped and thirty-two were taken, besides several rabbits, pheasants, and one bear.

Lord Chesterfield says, "that men are more unwilling to have their weaknesses and imperfections known than their crimes. And that if you hint to a man that you think him ignorant, silly, or even illbred, and awkward, he will hate you more and longer than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The designs from O. B. are received. They are certainly well imagined, tho' we fear he has taken the idea from the head of a cotemporary literary periodical. The communication referred to, we are persuaded could not have been received: at all events, not under his usual signature: as we can never suppose any one capable of writing nonsense, who has written so sensible a letter as he has. Perhaps our friend has a copy—if so, we shall be glad to have it.

The article from our young friend in Camden, S. C. is received; but his fears of its being declined, have, alas! been too sadly realized. As his second attempt, and he a minor, it is by no means discreditable, but at the same time not exactly suited for the press. If he will wait till he is no longer a minor, his chance of success will be better; though we know the propensity to scribble is so great as to make this advice of no avail.

MATRIMONIAL MAXIMS FOR LADIES.—The following maxims, if pursued, will not only make the men in love with marriage, but cause them to be good husbands.—The first is to be good yourself. To avoid all thoughts of managing a husband. Never try to deceive or impose upon his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, but treat him with affection, sincerity and respect. Remember that husbands at best are only men, subject, like yourselves to error and frailty. Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourself happiness without alloy. Should you discover any thing in his humor or behaviour not altogether what you expected or wished, pass it over, smoothe your own temper, and try to mend his by attention, cheerfulness, and good nature. Never reproach him with misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed; but, instead of murmuring and reflections, divide the sorrow between you; make the best of it, and it will be easier to both. It is the innate office of the softer sex to soothe the troubles of the other. Resolve every morning to be cheerful for the day; and should any thing occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband. Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may; but much rather deny yourself the trifling satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to foresee the end of. Implicit submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife is what she promised at the altar; what the good will revere her for, and what is, in fact, the greatest honor she can receive.

Be assured, a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love; which it is her interest, by all possible means, to preserve and increase. Study, therefore, his temper and command your own. Enjoy with him his satisfaction, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost assiduity conceal his infirmities. If you value your own and your husband's ease, let your expenses and desires be ever within the reach of his circumstances; for if poverty should follow, you must share the evil.—Be very careful never to give him any cause of jealousy. Let not many days pass without a serious examination into your conduct as a wife; and if, on reflection, you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is to be more careful in future.

THE NOBLE PURPOSE.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature, up to nature's god,
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine:
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals all began,
All end in love of God, and love of Man.—Pope.

TURKISH CANNON.—It is singular, that in our conflicts with barbarians, or with half-disciplined troops, we generally sustain a heavier loss than in our battles with veteran and well organized armies. Whether this arises from our contempt of the enemy inducing us to attack them at greater odds, or at closer quarters, or that such foes are stimulated by the fiercer passions of untamed nature, we cannot determine, but the fact is well worthy of consideration. Our attack on Algiers was attended with a loss of life nearly equal to any thing we had ever sustained on board of a fleet; and, if we include the numbers killed on board the Russian ships at Navarino, we shall find the total number of killed and wounded to be nearly as great as in any of our battles last war. With respect to the Turks, this may arise from the extremely heavy cannon which they generally use. In our ships, and, we believe, in our batteries, we seldom use a heavier gun than a thirty-two pounder. No man-of-war carries any cannon of a larger calibre; but the Turks make use of even eight hundred pounders! When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople, in 1807, his fleet was dreadfully shattered by these immense shot. The Royal George (of 110 guns) was nearly sunk by only one shot, which carried away her cut-water; another cut the mainmast of the Windsor Castle nearly in two; a shot knocked two ports of the Thunderer into one; the Repulse (74) had her wheel shot away, and twenty-four men killed and wounded, by a single shot, nor was the ship saved but by the most wonderful exertions. One of these guns was cast in brass in the reign of Amurat; it was composed of two parts, joined by a screw at the chamber, its breech resting against a massy stone-work; yet the difficulty of charging it would not allow its being fired more than once; but, as a Pacha once said, one single discharge would destroy almost a whole fleet of the enemy. The Baron de Tott, to the great terror of the Turks, resolved to fire this gun. The shot weighed 1100 lbs. and he loaded it with 330 lbs. of powder: he says, "I felt a shock like an earthquake, at the distance of 800 fathoms: I saw the ball divide into three pieces, and these fragments of a rock crossed the Strait, and rebounded on the mountain." The heaviest shot which struck our ships, was of granite, and weighed 800 lbs. and was two feet two inches in diameter. One of these huge shot, to the astonishment of our tars, stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active; and having crushed this immense mass of solid timber, the shot rolled ponderously aft, and brought up a-breast the main hatchway, the crew standing aghast at the singular spectacle. A few years ago, a party of English Midshipmen crawled into one of these guns on their hands and knees, to the no small amusement of the Turks.—*London Observer.*

WE WILL MARRY.—A couple of young ladies having recently buried their father, who was an old humorist, and had such an aversion to matrimony, that he would not allow them to marry, however advantageous the offer—conversing on his character, the eldest observed, "He is dead at last, and now we will marry." "Well, I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C. shall be the man," said the youngest. "Hold, sister," said the other, "don't let us be too hasty in the choice of our husbands; let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book." "I am sorry for that," replied the youngest, "for I am afraid that father will tear out the leaf."

FOR THE ARIEL.

Go, take the morning's wings and speed thy flight
Beyond the reach of thought—lo! *He* is there;
Go, wrap thyself in darkness—tenfold night
Will prove no covering—*He* is every where;—
In everlasting blessedness remaining,
Diffused thro' all things, and all things sustaining.

His eye is on thee! His, by whom was given
The glorious mission of redeeming Love,
By Jordan's waters, when from opening Heaven,
On glowing pinion, came the mystic dove—
His eye is on thee! which alike pervades
Virtue's pure path and guilt's polluted shades.

When the poor wanderer in a land unblest'd,
Cheerless and waste—the land of sin and shame,
Repentant turned, with many a fear depress'd,
To that dear holy Home from whence he came;
Did frowns repelling, bid the wretch depart?
Did cold endurance chill his breaking heart?

Ah no! while yet far off he feebly strove,
With tottering steps to take his homeward way,
The anxious glances of paternal Love,
With smiles of welcome, hailed the weak essay.
With mercy met him, and his soul's alarms
Were all forgotten in a Father's arms.

Then raise thy head in hope, thou broken hearted,
Tho' tossed with tempests and dismayed with fears,
Angels and spirits of the Just, departed,
With love and pity, witness all thy tears:—
Thy sighs ascend before the Eternal Throne,
And all the conflicts of thy soul are known.

NEWSPAPER DIFFICULTIES.—A native newspaper, in the Persian language, and entitled the *Shems al Akbar*, having terminated its career, the editor issued the following address:—Be it known to all men, that from the time this paper, the *Shems al Akbar*, was established by me, to the present day, which is about five years, I have gained nothing by it except vexation and disappointment, notwithstanding what idle and ignorant babblers may please to assert. The inability of the public in the present day to appreciate desert, and their indifference to the exhausting and painful exertions made in their cause, verify the verse, 'I am consumed, and my flames have not been seen; like the lamps of a moonlight night, I have burnt away unheeded.' It is time, therefore, to desist, and withdraw my hand from all further concern with this paper; I have determined to repose on the couch of conclusion.

BARNEY MACBENE, after having worked very hard for several days, told his employer, he was desirous of taking a bit of a day to himself, in order to see what the legislature were doing in the *big house* on the hill at Harrisburg; for diel the any thing of the kind did he ever see in old Ireland. On his return to work, his employer enquired what he had heard in the *big house*. "Why, in troth, they talked a great deal about *eyes* and *nose*, (replied honest Barney) but had'nt any thing to do with the *head*."

ROSES.—Perhaps amongst the productions of the vegetable kingdom there is nothing more remarkable than a rose recently introduced into Europe from China—the *Rosa Grevillii*, or *Grevillii's China Rose*. In one specimen, near London, the shoot far exceeds any thing of the kind, having in the space of a few weeks attained the height of eighteen feet, and it now covers an area of about one hundred square feet, with more than fifty buds in cluster, so that the amount of flower buds may be computed at three thousand; but the greatest curiosity is the amazing diversity of tints in the buds at first opening—white light blush, deeper blush, light red, deeper red, scarlet and purple, all on one cluster. This rose grows in the manner of the multiflora, but is easily distinguishable by its leaf, which is much larger and more rugose.

From the (English) Anti-Slavery Magazine.

TREATMENT OF FEMALES

IN COUNTRIES WHERE SLAVERY PREVAILS.

Among the negroes, on the slave coast, the wife is never allowed to appear before the husband, nor to receive any thing from his hands, without putting herself into a kneeling posture.

In the empire of Congo, and among the greater part of those nations which inhabit the coast of Africa, the women of a family are seldom permitted to eat along with the men. The husband sits alone at a table, and his wife commonly stands at his back, to guard him from the flies, to serve him with his victuals, or to furnish him with his pipe and tobacco. After he has finished his meat, she is allowed to eat what remains, but without sitting down, which it seems would be inconsistent with the inferiority and submission that is thought suitable to her sex. When a Hottentot and his wife have come into the service of an European, and are entertained under the same roof, the master is under the necessity of assigning to each of them a distinct portion of victuals, which, out of regard to the general usage of their country, they always eat at a distance from one another.

In the account which has been given by Commodore Byron, of the Indians of South America, we are told that "the men exercise a most despotic authority over their wives, whom they consider in the same view as they do any other part of their property, and dispose of them accordingly: even their common treatment of them is cruel; for the toil and hazard of procuring food, lie entirely upon the women, yet they are not suffered to touch any part of it till the husband is satisfied, and then he assigns them their portion, which is generally very scanty, and such as he has not a stomach for himself." The same author informs us, that he has observed a like arbitrary behaviour among many other savages, with whom he has since been acquainted.

From the servile condition of the fair sex, in barbarous countries, they are rendered in a great measure incapable of property, and are supposed to have no share in the estate of that particular family in which they reside. Whatever has been acquired by their labor, is under the sole administration and disposal of those male relations and friends by whom they are protected, and from whom they receive a precarious subsistence. Upon the death of a proprietor, the estate is continued in possession of his sons, or transmitted to his other male relations; and his daughters are so far from being entitled to a share of the succession, they are even considered as a part of the inheritance; which the heir is at liberty to dispose of at his pleasure.

At the Cape of Good Hope, in the kingdom of Benin, and in general upon the whole southern and western coasts of Africa, no female is ever admitted to the succession of any estate, either real or personal.

The same custom is said to be observed among the Tartars; and there is some reason to believe it was formerly established among all the inhabitants of Chaldea and Arabia.

ALL GOING TOGETHER.—The New York Journal of Commerce contains the following:

NOTICE.—The public are respectfully informed that Divine Service will be performed this day, at 3 o'clock, P. M. in the old Dutch Church, formerly situated in Herring street, Greenwich Village, now under the operation of moving in Charles street, by Mr. Simeon Brown. The church will continue to be under the operation of moving during the period of Divine Service.

The good wife is none of your dainty dames who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and, if of high parentage, she does not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.—*Fuller*.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And Give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood,
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others actions,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honor how it alters,
Tell beauty how it blazeth,
Tell favor how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lie.

Tell wit how much she wrangles
In fickle points of niceness,
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physie of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contentions;
And as they yield reply,
So give them both the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country err-eth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

SHAVING AT HALF PRICE.—A little Frenchman named Lacouture, who has resided for a few years past in Southbridge, formerly kept a barber's shop in Boston. One morning a countryman with a thick heavy beard, which had not been operated upon for at least a week, stepped into the shop and said he wanted to be shaved. "Votre serviteur; me shave you in a minute," said the little Frenchman, at the same time laying hold of his implements. "But what do you charge for shaving?" "Sax cent, sare." "That is too much, I cannot give but three cents." "Ah! Monsieur; me no shave you for tree cent; vy, une gentilhomme, he give me sax cent every day for shave himself vid my razor. Sare, me shave you for sax cent." Finding, however, that the man was determined, he at length consented to shave him for three cents, on condition of having the money first paid, alleging that he would not trust one who wanted to be shaved for half price. The conditions being thus settled, he was soon lathered, and one side of his face shaved, when the Frenchman laid by his razor and began to use the towel. "What are you about," exclaimed the countryman. "Me wipe your face, sare." "But what are you wiping it for, you have not shaved but one side?" "Oui, Monsieur, but you only pay me for shave one side." "It was understood, however, that you should shave both sides, and you must shave the other." "Ah, no, you pay me tree cent for shave you, and me shave you tree cent worth." Finding himself caught, he now offered to pay the other three cents for shaving the other side. "No, you no want to be shave but tree cent worth, and me no shave you any more. Ah! ma foi! you make one grand spectacle. Me shave all de grand gentilhomme, me shave de officairs, de colonel, de general, me shave the grand mareschall and de duke, but me no shave anybody vat make such grand figgair as yourself." Remonstrances proving useless, the countryman was glad to go and look up another barber, to the great amusement of the boys in the street, and to pay six cents for shaving the other side of his face, at the same time declaring that he never again would be shaved for half price.

From the Boston Traveller.

LADIES' MAGAZINE.—The second number of Mrs. Hale's very agreeable Miscellany was circulated yesterday; having, by reason of the absence of the editor, been unavoidably delayed a few days beyond the stated time of publication. Its readers, we think, will be amply compensated for any impatience they may have felt at its non-appearance, by the variety and interest of the articles, both of prose and poetry, which its neatly printed pages furnish. The "Sketches of American Character," which in the first number were popular, are in the present continued in the story of "Ann Ellsworth."

There is also a well written article on the "Logierian System" which gives some account of its author John Bernard Logier, a native of Germany, and a brief history of its advancement and complete success. The writer would have evinced a more intimate knowledge of its extension and popular effects, or at least manifested a spirit of fairness and impartiality, had he, in connexion with Mr. Browne, mentioned that of another highly meritorious teacher in this city—Mr. Spear. This latter gentleman has for some time pursued Logier's plan of instruction in his academy; and, without an exception, we believe, has been eminently supported with his pupils. We have been told by many who have watched his devotedness to the science, and the rapid progress of those under his charge, that

Misses, who, from their age, could not be supposed to distinguish one principle from another, have, in a short time been taught the system, and are able to perform with much more skill and judgment than many of our ladies of the 'old school,' who claim to be proficient. Mr. Spear is to be commended also for the high minded and very liberal course he pursues in relation to any who may be engaged in the same system of instruction. He asks for no monopoly—holds out no subtle promises—publishes no cards tending to injure his cotemporaries—and depends not for success upon foreign titles and transatlantic certificates. By his gentlemanly and correct deportment, his intimate acquaintances with the New Theory, and his unremitting attention to his pupils, he has become deservedly popular; and we sincerely hope the profit to himself resulting from his efforts may be, in every respect, commensurate with his fame.

But we are parting from our design, which was, to speak of the contents of the book, rather than what it has, from any cause, omitted. Several pieces, we perceive, bear the characteristic marks of Miss Frances; Mrs. Sigourney; the newly initiated editor; Mr. Miller, and other writers who are advantageously known in the field of literature.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—Dr. Von Iffland, in his writings, relates a very extraordinary case of the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog. The Doctor observes: "While in practice at Quebec, a large dog, bleeding profusely from the right leg, attracted the attention of one of my students;—by stroking the dog on the head and back, he was coaxed into the surgery, where, on examination, I found an artery and the tendons completely divided. I ordered the poor animal to be firmly secured, by which means a ligature was applied to the bleeding vessel, and, after shaving the hair surrounding the wound, I carefully applied adhesive plasters, and brought its edges together, leaving a small aperture for the ligature, covered with a linen bandage. After the operation he was set at liberty; but to my great surprise, the following morning the dog was one of my earliest patients—the bandage appeared to be undisturbed; I however removed it for the purpose of examining the state of the wound, and as the stripes of plaster seemed to be in the adhesive state I had applied them the day before, they were allowed to remain. On the third day, about the same hour, the sagacious animal made his appearance—he was then of course considered by me as an out-door patient, *incogniti*, and impatiently (by his gestures) waited his turn to meet the attention of my assistants to dress anew his wounds, to which he most gently submitted, licking, during the whole time of the operation, the hands of the operator. He continued punctually to attend my surgery every morning at the same hour until cured, which I believe was not less than fifteen days.

I found sometime after that the dog belonged to a respectable butcher in St. John's suburbs; and to prove the gratitude of that animal, I must say, that every time I had occasion to pass his master's house, it was impossible to avoid the extreme caresses and fondness which he displayed by his alert gestures and jumping, and even following me throughout my visits to all the patients I then had under my care in both suburbs, and then following until he saw me safely in my own lodgings, when he immediately departed for his master's home; and what is more extraordinary, all the enticing means resorted to by the students and myself, never could prevail upon the dog to enter the surgery after he was dismissed as cured."

FEMALE INDUSTRY.—We have exhibited at our office to-day, and will do so again, to-morrow, says a New York paper, two beautiful plaid broadcloth cloaks, the manufacture of Miss Susan H. Hubbard, of Windsor, Connecticut, by whom the wool from which they were made was spun, dyed and woven. She has made, with her own hands, ten like them; one of which is worn by Gen. Lafayette, one by Ex-President Monroe, and the others by gentlemen of this city and of Boston. The quality is very fine, and the fabric soft, heavy and strong. They have been much admired, and will be none the less so, when the approach of cold weather is considered, the hands that wrought them, and the system of domestic and household manufactures, of the excellence of which they are a beautiful example. Comfort, gallantry, and patriotism, all unite with their praise, and will no doubt unite in their purchase.

Metalic Castings.—Iron and metalic castings are said to be very much improved, says the Mechanics' Register, by subjecting the metal, when in the moulds, to pressure. This is done by making a part of the mould of such a form as to receive a piston, which on the metal being introduced, is made to press on it with any required force. It is stated that castings obtained in this way are not only free from imperfections generally incurred in the usual mode, but have a peculiar soundness of surface and closeness of texture, qualities of the utmost importance in ordinance, rolling cylinders, &c.

MIRTH AND CHEERFULNESS.—Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of dry light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

(St. Luke, chap. VII. verses, 37, 38.)

Thou, that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,
And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,
From their long wanderings won,
Before the All-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth, oh! lost and found!
When thou wouldst bathe his feet,
With odors richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's burning tears,
And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear,
From the crown'd beauty of its festal year.
Did he reject thee then,
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head was cast?
No, from the Saviour's mein,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last!
For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore,
Voices, once kind, had learned the stranger's tone;
Who raised thee up, and bound
Thy silent, silent wound?
He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone!
But which, oh erring child!
From home so long beguiled,
Which of thine offerings won those words of Heaven,
That o'er the bruised reed
Condemned of earth to bleed,
In music passed, "Thy sins are all forgiven?"
Was it that perfume fraught
With balm and incense brought
From the sweet woods of Araby the blest?
Or that fast flowing rain
Of tears, which not in vain
To Him who scorned not tears, thy woes confessed?
No, not by these restored,
Unto thy Father's board,
Thy peace, that kindled joy in Heaven was made;
But clostlier in His eyes,
By that best sacrifice,
Thy heart, full deep before Him laid.

REFLECTIONS.—To grow good, or cease to be bad should be our chief aim from the time the resolution is made, 'till that awful period when we are to become neither.

There must be a specific object to pursue; a life like a disease-smote beauty, has no attraction.

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie; say but little, 'twill scarcely gain belief; so strong are partiality and envy.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.—Though you highly respect, or bitterly execrate, any opinion you may hear delivered, do not assimilate the character of the utterer to it—out of a clean vessel muddy water may proceed; and the contrary.

There is none so bad, as to do the twentieth part of the evil he might; nor any so good, as to do the tenth part of the good it is in his power to do. Judge of yourselves by the good you might do, and neglect:—and of others, by the evil they might do, and omit: and your judgment will be poised between too much indulgence for yourself, and too much severity on others.

Lovers presume more upon the strength of their passions, purse, or their personal charms, than their integrity, or understanding. 'Tis but a cold courtship now-a-days where the virtues preside.

Seldom compute a man's wealth by his mode of living, dress, or the company he keeps.

Error is never so fatal as when 'tis clothed in the garb of consistency.

Those who are very scrupulous, and tender of their own honor, will notwithstanding, make very free with the honor of a friend or his wife.—Honor is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean but necessary substitute for it in societies where none exists. It is a sort of paper credit with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

If a man cannot pick up knowledge enough of the world in a year to satisfy him, he may in an hour discover enough to sicken him.

Within the circle of deception, no creature is so frequently gull'd as a husband,—unless it is a wife.

When silence is the trick of villany it operates as fatally as slander or reproach.

Where there is too much anxiety required to keep a treasure, *there* possession is a curse.

If you have no principles, you can have no character; acting in conformity to certain well digested rules, proves principle; the exercise of principle constitutes character.

Wet cheeks may easily win, or be won; they are neither signals for solicitation, nor the crocodile traps for stray affection.

COVETOUS THOUGHTS.—If thou wouldst not fear a storm in a calm, or sickness in health, nor beggary in wealth, do as the dresser of vines, cut off the superfluous branches that the tree may bring fruit, and not leaves only: so cut off those insatiable thoughts of wealth, and thou hast enough.

Man discerneth another's faults easily, but his own very hardly, because in another's case his heart is quiet; in his own case, troubled, and a troubled heart cannot consider what is good.

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn thy enemies, and thou shalt overcome them; contemn slothfulness, and thou shalt enjoy rest and quietness.

Spend a hundred years in delights, and another hundred, nay, ten hundred; and what are they to eternity? All the time of this life wherein we enjoy delights and pleasures is

like one night's dream in comparison to eternity.

The Devil's first assault is violent: but if he be then valiantly resisted, his second temptations will be weaker; and being once foiled, he proves himself an arrant coward.

A CURIOSITY.—One of the petitions presented to the legislature of Tennessee at its present session, was addressed to Mr. McClellan, a member of the house of representatives, in the following manner. To render the direction intelligible, it may be proper to remind our readers that the sessions of the legislature were formerly held at Murfreesborough, and the writer of this superscription had not ascertained the change, which was made two years ago, of the seat of government of his own state.

To
Mr. Abraham M'Leland
at the house of Commins in
Murfees Burrow west
Tennessee Or to any of
the Legislative Body
Composing the house &c
as it is a petition &c
To the post office in
murfees Burrow &c

HUMOROUS.

Prithce, Poins, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

A MEAL IS A MEAL.—A traveller some time ago, stopped at a tavern in Rhode Island at the decline of day, when his appetite began to be rather clamorous, asked for a cold cut, at the same time prudently enquiring the price. "Twenty five cents," replied mine host. "That's rather high," returned the other, "as I merely want a cold bite." "No matter for that," replied mine host, "a meal is a meal, and I never charge less than twenty five cents." "Well, if that be the case," replied the traveller, "I may as well have a meal cooked." Accordingly the gridiron was placed over the coals, and a steak of respectable dimensions was soon broiled and placed on the table. The stranger sat down, and like a man who works by the job, soon despatched the beef steak, together with its accompaniments, and called for more, observing at the same time "a meal is a meal you know." Another steak of goodly size was forthwith cooked and placed before him.—This also disappeared in a very short time, and yet unsatisfied, the traveller bawled for more, still repeating, "a meal is a meal, sir." A steak larger than either of the former was now cooked, and without the least appearance of satiety in the eater, sent to join the rest; and the demand was reiterated for more, accompanied as usual with the unlucky phrase of mine host, "a meal is a meal." Thus mine hostess was kept cooking for two full hours, and steak after steak disappeared with the most appalling despatch, each time accompanied with the ill-omened sentence, "a meal is a meal you know;" until at last the inkeeper, hopeless of satisfying his guest, and heartily sick of the operation of his own rule, told the traveller if he would quit him then, he would charge him nothing for what he had eaten;—to which the other, finding he could not hold out much longer, consented, without much show of reluctance, and merely added, as he was washing down the last morsel with a mug of cider, "a meal is a meal, you will recollect."—*Berkshire American.*

An ignorant plebeian having entered the apartment where the late emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great em-

peror; what are you to him?" The emperor replied, "I shave him."

BOILEAU being one day visited by an indolent person of rank, who reproached him with not having returned his first visit—"You and I," said the satirist, "are upon unequal terms. I lose my time when I pay a visit;—you only get rid of your's when you do so."

"Jack, which is the way to Epping?" "How do you know my name is Jack?" "I guess it." "Then guess your way to Epping."

An ancient writer, speaking of such as are enemies to innocent amusements, says, "Had these people the government of the world they would deprive the year of spring, and life of youth."

INVITATION TO THE BOAT PARTY.

BY LORD F. GOWER.

Ask not what my bark can carry;
Ask not how she steers her way;
Starry lamps, and eyes more starry,
Guide the helmsman on his way.
From the rising waters shrink not,
Though too nearly they approach;
Wit, and song, and beauty, sink not,
Though rebellious waves enroach.
There are voices here to charm them,
And the eyes which they reflect,
Of their terrors can disarm them;—
See, the waves have learnt respect.
Now sit fast; the chain I sever,
Which confines us to the shore,
Hearts of lighter burden never
Laughing pleasure's life-boat bore.
Pleasure's gayest chaplets crown us;
What can then awake our fears?
A sigh might sink, a tear might drown us;
What to us are sighs or tears?
If amidst us Care be coiling,
Find the deepest pool for him;
Plunge him where its depths are boiling;
Fear no murderer—Care can swim.
Care would call me vagrant, rover,
Ask me where I shaped my course.
Seize the miscreant! fling him over!
Answering him would make me hoarse.
Fear not.—None have ever found me
Doubtful where I lead my crew;
By the eyes which beam around me
I can read the compass true.
Float we now by yonder willow;
Never dew-bespangled trees,
Bending low to kiss the willow,
Wept such radiant drops as these;
Scarcely so bright in her lamenting,
Eye of widow'd love appears;
Eyes of Magdalen repenting,
Shone less brightly through her tears.
To receive the stream we float on,
Would the sea did not exist;
Would that I might urge my boat on,
Still forever where I list!
But the voice whose spell, delighting,
First seduced me from the shore,
Now to new pursuits inviting,
Bids me moor my bark once more.

PUZZLES.

Beneath the bowels of the earth
Entomb'd by nature's core,
My riddle ne'er had known a birth,
Or seen Fredonia's fair.
But for the plowman's laboring hand,
That daily tills the field,
Or for the soldier's dread command,
Who fights with sword and shield.
Yet let me not confine its skill
To firelocks, sword, and spade;
There's not an artisan but will
Employ it in his trade.

Why is Ireland likely to become one of the richest Islands in the universe?

I see, I she, read see that me
Am may love are down you'll I'll have
In, as but you and then have you'll
Love, ya one and up and you if